





# THE CHIEF MOURNER OF MARNE

By G. K. CHESTERTON

A BLAZE of lightning blanching the grey woods, tracing all the wrinkled foliage down to the last curled leaf. The same strange trick of lightning, by which it seems to record millions of minute things in an instant of time, picked out everything.

From the elegant litter of the picnic, to the pale lengths of the winding road; and in the distance a melancholy mansion with four towers, like a castle.

The light also clothed for an instant, in the same silver splendour, the figure of a tall man, motionless, standing on a rise of grass above the rest of the picnic party.

## QUIZ for today

1. A margrave is a food substitute, a German nobleman, an Italian drink, a fruit, a tropical swamp plant.
2. Who wrote (a) "The Bells," (b) "Bells and Pomegranates"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Saraband, Hornpipe, Gavotte, Minuet, Vertigo, Fandango, Mazurka.
4. What is the official signature of the Bishop of Winchester?
5. Who said, "Take up the White Man's burden"?
6. What is the speed of a greyhound?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Recticule, Proboscis, Scallion, Gallion, Labyrinth?
8. What language is spoken by the greatest number of people?
9. Who was Mr. Barkis?
10. Correct, "All went merry as a wedding bell." Who wrote it?
11. The Panama Canal was opened in 1900, 1904, 1908, 1914, 1916?
12. Complete the pairs, (a) Cakes and —; (b) Duck and —.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 180

1. Drink.
2. (a) Dorothy Sayers, (b) Samuel Warren.
3. Gull is web-footed; the others are not.
4. Dunelm.
5. Cowper, in "The Task."
6. About 42 m.p.h.
7. Bifurcate, Monetary.
8. Kilimanjaro, 19,720 feet.
9. In Dickens's "Pickwick Papers."
10. "Lightly turns." Tennyson.
11. 1455.
12. (a) Modern, (b) Wells.

A circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge.  
R. B. Sheridan (1751-1816).

## JANE



self, or at least I knew him very well when he was an attache at Washington thirty years ago. His heart was broken.

"Unfortunate love affair, of course," said Cockspur. "I should like that for the 'Comet'."

"I suppose it's a compliment to us," she replied thoughtfully, "that you always assume that a man's heart is broken by a woman. But there are other kinds of love and bereavement. Have you never heard of David and Jonathan? What broke poor Marne up was the death of his brother; at least, he was really a first cousin, but had been brought up with him like a brother, and was much nearer than most brothers. James Mair, as the Marquis was called when I knew him, was the elder of the two, but he always played the part of the worshipper, with Maurice Mair as a god. And, by his account, Maurice Mair was certainly a wonder. James was no fool and very good at his own political job; but it seems Maurice could do that and everything else; that he was a brilliant artist and amateur actor and musician, and all the rest of it. James was very good looking himself, long and strong and strenuous, with a high-bridged nose, with a beard divided into two bushy whiskers in the fashion of those Victorian times. But Maurice was clean-shaven, and, by the portraits shown me, certainly very handsome. Suddenly the tragedy came; Maurice caught a chill at the seaside—and it was all over."

"And after that," asked the young man, "he shut himself up?"

"He went abroad at first," she answered, "away to Asia and the Cannibal Isles and the Lord knows where. These deadly strokes take different people in different ways. It took him in the way of an utter severing of everything; he could not bear a reference to the old tie—a portrait or an anecdote, or even an association. When he returned from ten years' travel he relapsed into a religious melancholia, and that's practically madness."

"The priests got hold of him, they say," grumbled the old General. "I know he gave thousands to found a monastery, and lives himself rather like a monk."

"Goddarned superstition," snorted Cockspur. "I'll show that up. Here's a man that might be useful to the Empire and those vampires get hold of him and suck him dry. I bet with their unnatural notions they haven't even let him marry."

"No, he has never married," said the lady. "He was engaged when I knew him—but it went with the rest when Maurice died. Like Hamlet and Ophelia—he lost hold of love because he lost hold of life. But I knew the girl; indeed, I know her still. Between ourselves, it was Viola Grayson, daughter of the old admiral. She's never married, either."

"It's infamous! It's infernal!" cried Cockspur. "It's not only a tragedy, it's a crime. I've got a duty to the public with my newspaper, and I mean to see all this nonsensical nightmare... in the twentieth century—"

He almost choked with his own protest, and then, after a silence, the old soldier said:—

"Well, I don't profess to know much about these things, but I think these religious people ought to study a text which says 'Let the dead bury their dead.'"

"It is just like some creepy story," said his wife, "of a dead man burying another dead man over and over again, for ever."

"The storm has passed over us," said the actor Romaine, with a rather inscrutable smile. "You will not have to visit the inhospitable house after all."

She suddenly shuddered. "Oh, I'll never do that again!" she exclaimed.

Mallow was staring at her. "Again! Have you tried it before?" he cried.

"Well, I did once," she said, "but we won't go back into that."

As the party moved off in procession, Mallow and the General brought up the rear, and the latter said abruptly, lowering his voice:—

"I don't want that cad Cockspur to hear, but as you've asked, I tell you it's the one thing I cannot forgive Marne. My wife, who had been the best friend he had in America, actually came to that house while he was walking in the garden. He was looking at the ground like a monk, and hidden in a black hood that was really as ridiculous as any mask. She had sent her card in, and stood there in his very path. And he walked past her without a word or glance, as if she had been a stone."

"He wasn't human; he was a horrible automaton. She may well call him a dead man."

(To be continued.)

FROM  
"THE SECRET OF FATHER BROWN"  
By  
Permission of  
the Executrix of  
Mrs. G. K. CHESTERTON

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Lovely eyes... sure... Kissable mouth... rather. And she's got dancing feet, too, though she isn't often allowed to show us what they can do. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 180: Barbara Stanwyck.

## COAST TOWNS

Y	E	I	Z	A	T	N	H
W	R	R	G	H	U	T	N
P	A	N	H	O	V	O	E
W	O	L	M	O	U	T	G
N	A	Y	T	O	I	E	S
H	E	W	M	H	U	T	H
B	A	R	M	I	N	G	N
F	E	S	T	A	N	C	H

Here are the names of some well-known British coast towns. The letters are in the right column, but not on the right line. Can you find them?  
(Solution in No. 182)

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.  
My first is in ESTHER, not in MAURICE.  
My second's in CHARLIE, not in DORIS.  
My third is in YVONNE, not in ARTHUR.  
My fourth is in ALFRED, not in MARTHA.  
My fifth is in GRETA, not in DONALD.  
My sixth is in JOAN, as well as RONALD.  
My next is in BERNARD, not in LAURA.  
My eighth is in DOUGLAS, not in FLORA.  
My last is in LESLIE, not in NORA.  
(Answer on Page 3)

## ODD CORNER

THERE is a small church at Tarring, a village near Worthing, which is allowed to fly the White Ensign on all important occasions. Permission was given by Admiral Drake after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and has never been withdrawn. The Admiralty commandeered the church tower for use as an observation post when the Armada had been sighted in the Channel.

At Staveley Church, Derbyshire, a miner's lamp is kept for ever burning, close to a piece of coal, to remind the congregation of the perpetual danger in which miners work.

Once a year, the church at Shenington, near Banbury, is strewn with new-mown hay. This is a survival from the days of rush-covered floors, but why it survived at this particular church nobody knows.

The Mad Hatter and the Knave of Hearts are depicted in stained glass in a window in Daresbury Church. There are also shown the Dormouse sitting in his teapot, the Queen of Hearts, the Cheshire Cat, and Bill the Lizard. The window is a memorial to C. L. Dodgson, otherwise "Lewis Carroll," who gave the world "Alice in Wonderland."

## CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12				13	14			
15				16	17			
			18					
19	20					21	22	
			23			24		
25	26				27		28	
29				30		31		
32				33				
34						35		

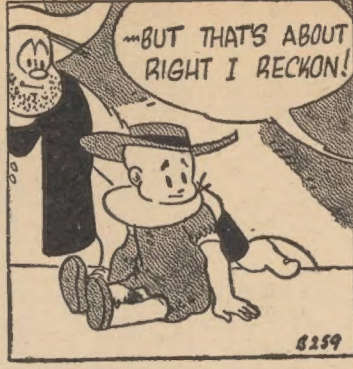
- CLUES ACROSS.  
1 Talk indiscreetly.  
5 Route.  
10 Polar radiation.  
11 Piece of glass.  
12 Copious supply.  
13 Experts.  
15 Not stable.  
17 Extra pages.  
18 Snatched.  
19 Before.  
21 Trouble.  
23 Documents.  
25 Proboscis.  
27 Dig.  
29 Acustomed.  
31 Joint of meat.  
32 Headland.  
33 Pass by.  
34 Part of jacket.  
35 Space of time.

- CLUES DOWN.  
1 Perplex. 2 Soothe. 3 Stimulate. 4 Hunting-knife. 5 Bleat. 6 Use up. 7 Strikes lightly. 8 Mean. 9 Others. 14 Ate special food. 16 Widen. 20 Brook. 21 Slanting. 22 Unsealing device. 23 Wrinkle up. 24 Kind of race. 25 Transgresses. 26 Sussex river. 27 Official endorsement. 30 River of N. Wales.

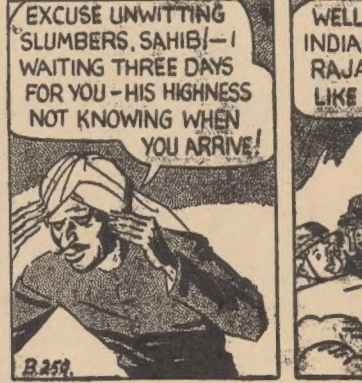
SHOWY SISAL  
CODA POTATO  
RADICAL MOB  
EX FAR COMB  
WEB STORY Y  
DOLT YAYE  
L REEFS DOT  
AGED LIP LO  
POD DESIRED  
ERODED POND  
LEMON JETTIN



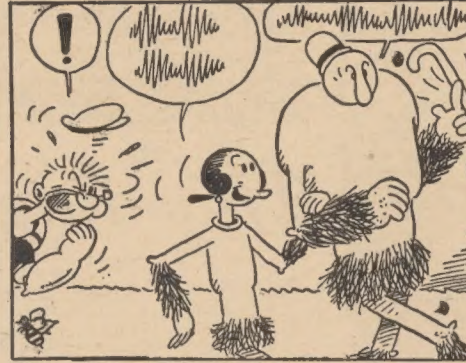
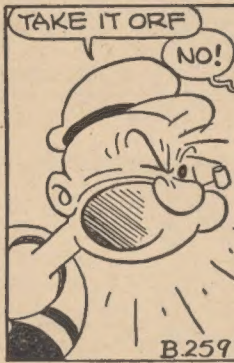
## BEELZEBUB JONES



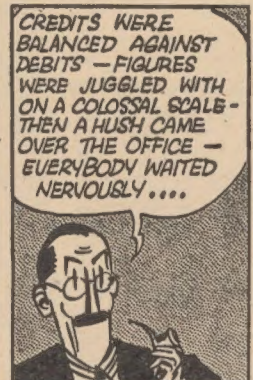
## BELINDA



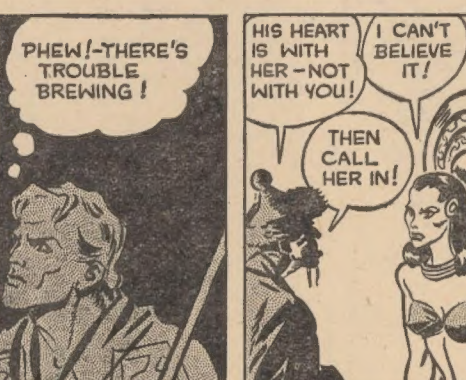
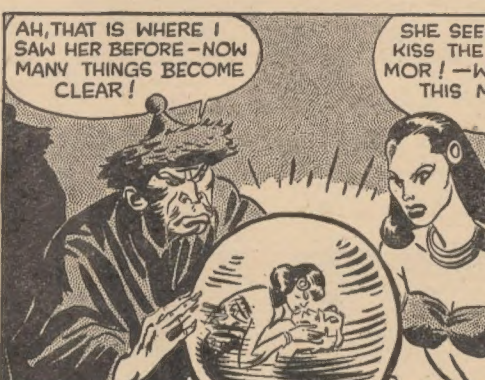
## POPEYE



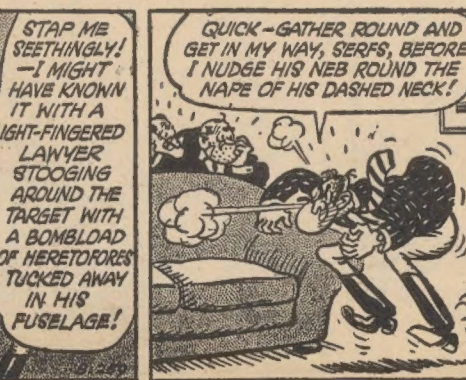
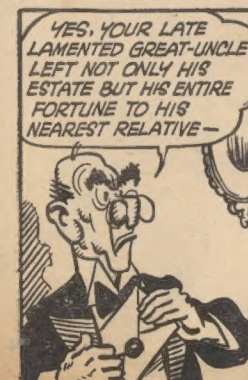
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Argue this out Yourself

## THAT PIANO.

TO many the piano is practically synonymous with music. Parents will talk about having their children taught music when their real intention is that they should have piano lessons. . . . The majority of the vast number of pianos; when they are not mere furniture, are social conveniences whose connection with music is of the slightest.

Edwin Evans (Music Critic).

## OUR REAL STRENGTH.

OUR real military assets have never depended altogether on our armed strength. They include our unique national spirit, our industrial potential, our control over raw materials, our identity of interest with the forces of justice in different parts of the world, and the unity of sentiment throughout the Empire and Commonwealth.

Quintin Hogg, M.P.

## IDLENESS.

PROLONGED idleness corrupts, even on an income and whether the income is small or large; and prolonged idleness on a bare subsistence income is no fit life for human beings. Mass unemployment is like war. There is no remedy for it. The only thing to be done with mass unemployment is to abolish it. . . . It can be done if we adopt, as a fundamental policy, a policy of full employment of our labour and other productive resources in meeting our needs.

Sir William Beveridge.

## OH, TO BE SINGLE!

THERE must be very few married folk, however happy, who cannot remember a day when they longed to be single again—as the infuriating man with his calm assumption that it is he who does the work and earns the money, and that a wife who has been scrubbing floors and getting the children off to school and standing in shopping queues, for at least a twelve-hour day, has just been at home doing her nails and hair; and the wife who insists on the “pictures” two or three times a week when her man wants nothing so much as a pipe by the fire.

Rev. G. L. Russell.

## FARMING AND INDUSTRY.

THE farmer knows that in the long, long count his efforts will have been in vain unless this country learns the great lesson that a virile agriculture and a rural England, pulsating with enterprise and energy, is an absolute essential to a small and highly industrialised country with a large population—and, despite all the causes not sufficiently easily appreciated, the population of this country will be very large for many decades yet.

Sir George Stapledon  
(University College of Wales).

## REVOLUTION.

IT is to be regretted that anything should be said or written which would lead people to suppose that an economic revolution is possible in the same sense as a political revolution: that an established economic system can be overthrown and replaced by a new one with anything like the same short and sharp action by which an established political system can be overthrown and replaced by a new one.

Miss Rebecca West (Critic and Writer).

## A COMPASSIONATE PEOPLE.

IT is our danger that we are a very compassionate people, who refuse to study emotion or link it with logic, and so are often at inconvenient points in our career overcome by kind and unpractical delusions. We should make one of these mistakes if we hesitated to let life—in the shape of the war they produced—carry out its complete and cruel logic upon the German people.

Miss Phyllis Bottome.

## CATCHWORDS.

CATCHWORDS have more effect on public opinion than argument—or even facts. A fact is quickly forgotten; a catchword sticks in the mind.

Hamilton Fyfe.

## EXPERIENCE.

... the most useless sentence that one human can say to another: that which a parent says to a child, “If only you would learn from my experience.” There has never been any record that a child has learned to become an adult that way. It learns wisdom only when it feels the need for it.

Alistair Cooke.

## LABOUR AND DRUDGERY.

MANUAL drudgery is soul-killing, while manual labour, as exemplified in the art of the craftsman, is creative and productive: while the ideal education is one which will train both head and hand; no hard-and-fast rule will work for all. Natural capacities have to be taken into account if energies are not to be allowed to run to waste in infertile channels.

E. W. Adams.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

## Great Cesar!



Ah, thou hast not only got the apple to tempt me, thou hast the whole darned orchard.



Sir, you misunderstand me. My mother was a lady. My titfer may be fruity, but that don't mean a thing.



Wilt walk wimme wench? Yes, sir, but I'll keep on walking.



Thank you Betty Grable and Cesar Romero, but what went wrong during that walk? Was it Coney, or phoney, Island?



## This England

Within ten miles of London town.  
A sunny afternoon at Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick.



Gosh, I never thought about your beak being exactly the length of my cornet. How silly of me.

Free French Poodle "Bertie." Very free apparently, and very French, obviously.



Say, I don't mind you big fellows making a noise, but would you mind moving up a bit, you obstruct my view.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"You've started sump'n sister"

